

T H E  
Maid of Discretion.

WHERE shall CELIA fly for shelter?  
To what lonely grove, or cave?  
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,  
From the young, the gay, the brave.  
Tho' with prudent arts she starch her,  
Still she longs, and still she burns;  
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,  
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,  
If discretion guide us not,  
Sometimes is the ruffian's booty,  
Sometimes is the booby's lot:  
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,  
Now commanded by the peer;  
Now some subtle, mean invader,  
Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O! discretion, thou'rt a jewel,  
Or our grand mammas mistake;  
Stinting flame, by bating fuel;  
Always careful, and awake.  
Would you keep your pearls from trampers,  
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;  
Mark my song upon your samplers,  
Wear it on your knots and fans.

---

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.